

CRICKET.

A N

HEROIC POEM.

ILLUSTRATED

With the Critical Observations of
SCRIBLERUS MAXIMUS.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. BICKERTON, at the *Gazette*, in the
Temple-Exchange, near the *Inner Temple-Gate*, *Fleet-Street*.

[Price One Shilling.]

CERTIFICATE

HEROIC POEM

ILLUSTRATED

With the Critical Annotations of
SERAPHERUS



LONDON:
Printed for W. Pickers, at the Office, in the
Temple-Barrs, near the Inner Temple Gate.
[Price One Shilling]

TO THE
Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl of SANDWICH,*

Viscount Hinchinbroke, *and* Baron

Montague of St. Neots.

My LORD,

WITH the *greatest Diffidence* I presume to
lay this imperfect Poem at your Lord-
ship's Feet.

ii DEDICATION.

I could not, however, omit the present favourable Opportunity, of testifying the VENERATION I have for your LORDSHIP: For as you have so publicly approv'd the Game of CRICKET, every thing that, in the least, appertains to that Diversion, cannot help looking up to its ILLUSTRIOUS PATRON.

Far be it from me, (tho' Custom has taught the Method, to almost every Dedication) to attempt a Description of your LORDSHIP'S exalted Qualifications: Those *Excellencies* which every *Englishman* is *sensible of*, but no one can *express*.

I am perfectly aware of my own want of Merit, and even tremble while I am presumptuously addressing
the

DEDICATION. iii

the C I C E R O of the Age. But I again recover myself, when I consider that your LORDSHIP's ample Good-nature, is both *able* and *willing* to excuse,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most Devoted,

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant.

The

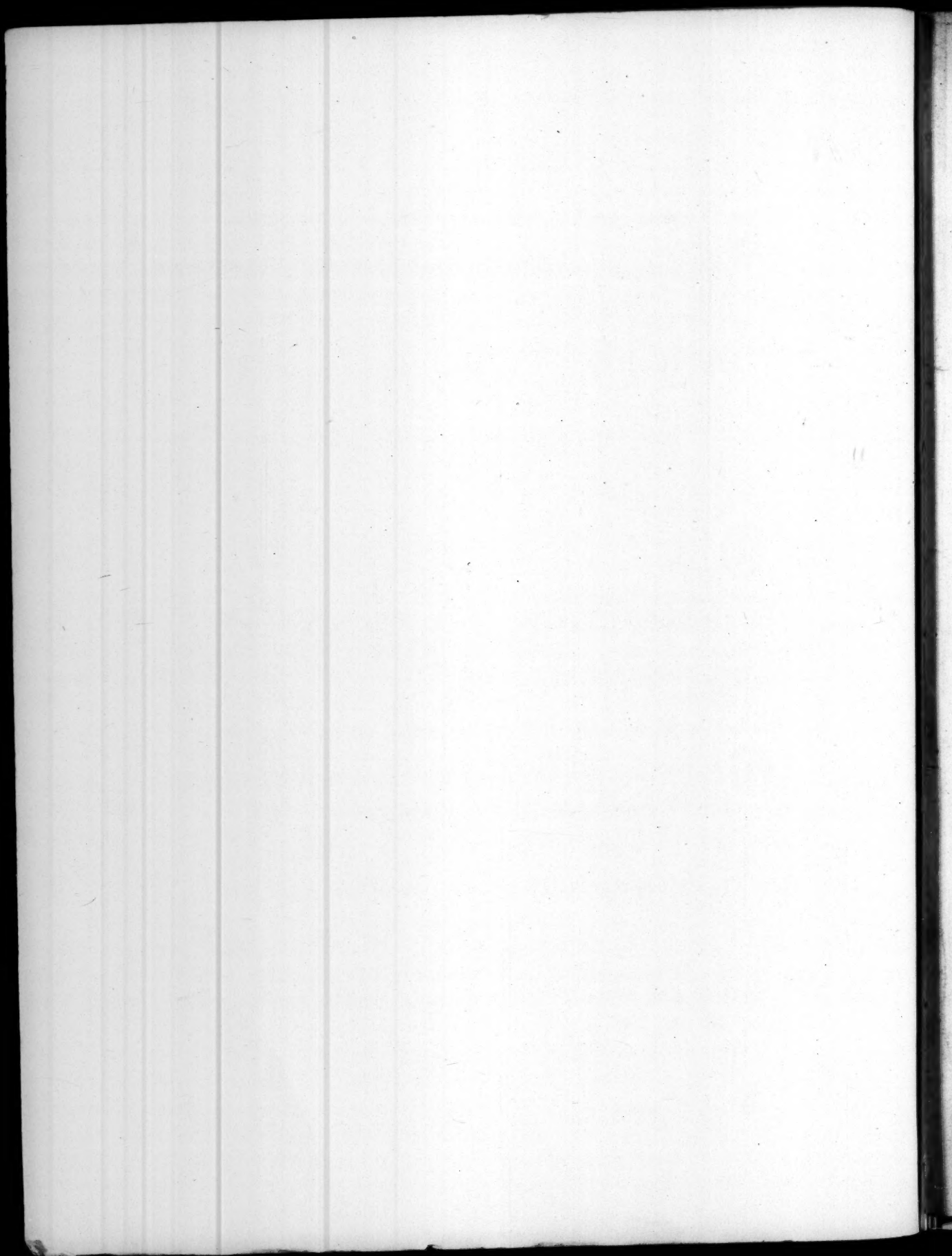
The ARGUMENT

OF THE

FIRST BOOK.

THE Subject. *Address to the Patron of CRICKET. A Description of the Pleasures felt at the Approach of the proper Season for CRICKET, and the Preparations for it. A Comparison between this Game and others, particularly Billiards, Bowls and Tennis. Exhortation to Britain, to leave all meaner Sports, and cultivate CRICKET only, as most adapted to the Freedom and Hardiness of its Constitution. The Counties most famous for CRICKET are describ'd, as vying with one another for Excellency.*

CRICKET



CRICKET.

BOOK I.

WHILE others, soaring on a lofty Wing,
Of dire *Bellona's* cruel Triumphs sing;
Sound the shrill Clarion, mount the rapid Car,
And rush delighted thro' the Ranks of War;

B

My

The Title, CRICKET.] There is no Doubt, but that (without a great deal of Study) this Title might have been *dulcified*; and by the ingenious Help of an *AD* tag'd to it, render'd extremely polite and unintelligible. But I think it is a high Compliment to CRICKET itself, that our Poet thinks proper to set it before it's Work, in its own plain unadulterated Signification.

V. 1. *While others,]* Our Author, truly sensible how great a Deference ought to be paid to War, which is, to be sure, the very Soul of Heroic Poetry, esteems it quite necessary to apologize, and begin with crying Quarter, in order to take off that Prepossession, which (especially at this critical Juncture) will certainly be

5 My tender Muse, in humbler, milder Strains,
 Presents a bloodless Conquest on the Plains;
 Where vig'rous Youth, in Life's fresh Bloom resort,
 For pleasing Exercise and healthful Sport.
 Where Emulation fires, where Glory draws,
 10 And active Sportsmen struggle for Applause;
 Expert to *Bowl*, to *Run*, to *Stop*, to *Throw*,
 Each Nerve collected at each mighty Blow.

Hail CRICKET! glorious, manly, *British* Game!

First of all Sports! be first alike in Fame!

To

be exerted in favour of that delicate Science. He knows how *profoundly* the *whole Nation* employs itself in military Cares, and remembers that as we have two powerful Kingdoms on our Backs, it is but reasonable we shou'd avoid all trifling Amusements. However, as he hopes CRICKET cannot be deem'd such, with all due Deference, he proceeds. *Scriblerus Maximus.*

V. 13. *Hail CRICKET.*] I have taken a prodigious deal of Pains to find out the Time when CRICKET first appeared, and who was the Author of it. But it is to be lamented, that History is extremely deficient upon this Head. There is great Reason however, to think, that it is an *European* Invention, and perhaps, as our Author ventures to affirm, a Sprout of *Britain*: For the *Chinese*, who claim *Printing*, *Gunpowder*, &c. so long before we had any Notion of them, to our great Satisfaction, lay not the least Claim to it.

15 To my fir'd Soul thy busy Transports bring,
 That I may feel thy Raptures, while I sing !
 And thou, kind Patron of the mirthful Fray,
SANDWICH, thy Country's Friend, accept the Lay!
 Tho' mean my Verse, my Subject yet approve,
 20 And look propitious on the Game you love !

When the returning Sun begins to smile,
 And shed its Glories round this sea-girt Isle;
 When new-born Nature deck'd in vivid Green,
 Chases dull Winter from the charming Scene:
 25 High panting with Delight, the jovial Swain
 Trips it exulting o'er the Flow'r-strew'd Plain;
 Thy Pleasures, CRICKET! all his Heart controul;
 Thy eager Transports dwell upon his Soul:
 He weighs the well-turn'd *Bat*'s experienc'd Force,
 30 And guides the rapid *Ball*'s impetuous Course,

B 2

His

His supple Limbs with nimble Labour plies,
 Nor bends the Grass beneath him as he flies.
 The joyous Conquests of the late flown Year,
 In Fancy's Paint, with all their Charms appear,
 35 And now again he views the long wish'd Season near.
 O thou, sublime Inspirer of my Song!
 What matchless Trophies to thy Worth belong!
 Look round the Globe, inclin'd to Mirth, and see
 What daring Sport can claim the Prize from thee!
 40 Not puny *Billiards*, where, with sluggish Pace,
 The dull *Ball trails* before the feeble *Mace*.

Where

V. 32. *Nor bends.*] *Nec teneras cursu læsisset Aristas.* Vir. *Æn.* vii. l. 809.

V. 40. *Not puny Billiards.*] With what Taste and Judgment, cries the enraptur'd Commentator, is the *Frenchif'd* Diversion of *Billiards* here, at the same Time, pathetically describ'd, and critically expos'd! It is, no doubt, obvious to every Reader, how beautifully this ridiculous Amusement serves as a Foil to CRICKET. The Company at the former, are generally Beaus of the first Magnitude, dress'd in the Quintessence of the Fashion. The robust *Cricketer*, plays in his Shirt. The Rev. Mr. *W---d*, particularly, appears almost naked.

Where no triumphant Shouts, no Clamours dare
Peirce thro' the vaulted Roof and wound the Air;
But stiff Spectators quite inactive stand,

45 Speechless, attending to the *Striker's* Hand:

Where nothing can your languid Spirits move,
Save when the *Marker* bellows out, *Six love!*
Or when the Ball, *close cushion'd*, slides askew,
And to the op'ning *Pocket* runs, a *Cou.*

50 Nor yet that happier Game, where the smooth Bowl,

In circling Mazes, wanders to the Goal;

Where, much divided between Fear and Glee,

The Youth cries *Rub*; *O Flee*, you *Ling'rer*, *Flee!*

Not *Tennis* self, thy sister Sport, can charm,

55 Or with thy fierce Delights our Bosoms warm.

Tho'

V. 54. *Not Tennis self.*] It must be confess'd, that *Tennis* is very nearly ally'd to CRICKET, both as to the Activity, Strength and Skill that are necessary to be exerted on each *important* Occasion. But as the latter happens

Tho' full of Life, at Ease alone difmay'd,
 She calls each swelling Sinew to her Aid;
 Her ecchoing Courts confefs the fprightly Sound,
 While from the *Racket* the brisk Balls rebound.
 60 Yet, to fmall Space confin'd, ev'n fhe muft yield
 To nobler CRICKET, the difputed Field.

O Parent *Britain*! Minion of Renown!
 Whofe far-extended Fame all Nations own;
 Of Sloth-promoting Sports, forewarn'd beware!
 65 Nor think thy Pleafures are thy meaneft Care;
 Shun with Difdain the squeaking Masquerade,
 Where fainting Vice calls Folly to her Aid.

Leave

happens to be the prefent Subject, our Author with great Propriety and admirable Tafte, makes all other Games knock under. When he gratifies the World with a Poem upon *Tennis*, no doubt, he will do the fame, in favour of that alfo.

V. 67. *Where fainting Vice.*] Our Author is a little doubtful, from the Excellence of this Line, whether he has not committed Plagiarifm; but as the Proof of it does not immediately occur to his Memory; he hopes it may be of great Service

Leave the dissolving Song, the baby Dance,

To sooth the Slaves of *Italy* and *France* :

70 While the firm Limb, and strong brac'd Nerve are thine,

Scorn Eunuch Sports ; to manlier Games incline ;

Feed on the Joys that Health and Vigour give ;

Where Freedom reigns, 'tis worth the while to live.

Nurs'd on thy Plains, first CRICKET learnt to please,

75 And taught thy Sons to flight inglorious Ease :

And see where busy Counties strive for Fame,

Each greatly potent at this mighty Game !

Fierce *Kent*, ambitious of the first Applause,

Against the World combin'd, asserts her Cause ;

Gay

Service to his Readers, by giving them an Opportunity to shew their Learning
in finding it out.

A NOTE upon the foregoing NOTE.

The Creature, whoever he is, that wrote the preceeding Remark, is certainly
out of his Senses. Does he imagine the Gentlemen who have CRICKET in
their Heads, can afford to throw away their Time so idly, as to pore over a
parcel of musty Authors to convince themselves, whether a nonsensical Line is
his or not?

Britannicus Severus.

80 Gay *Suffex* sometimes triumphs o'er the Field,
 And fruitful *Surry* cannot brook to yeild.
 While *London*, Queen of Cities! proudly vies,
 And often grasps the well-disputed Prize.

Thus while *Greece* triumph'd o'er the *barb'rous* Earth,
 85 Seven Cities struggl'd which gave *Homer* Birth.

T H E

V. 85. *The barb'rous Earth.*] The ancient *Greeks* were modest enough to call all the rest of the World *Barbarians*.

Our Author has nothing to plead in favour of this Simile, but poetick Practice. He confesses, it is very little to the Purpose; but then the absolute Necessity of introducing Similies somewhere, the Flavour they give to a Poem, and the prodigious Esteem they are in at present, were Arguments which his Modesty was oblig'd to give way to.

The ARGUMENT
Of the SECOND BOOK.

KENT challenges all the other COUNTIES. The
Match determined. A Description of the Place of
Contest. The particular Qualifications and Excellencies of
each Player. The COUNTIES go in.

B O O K II.

AND now the Sons of Kent, immortal grown,
By a long Series of acquire'd Renown,
C Smile

V. 1. *And Now*] It has been determined long ago, by a great many great Criticks, that the Dignity of Expression should be suited to the Magnificence of the Subject. Our Author, I think, has preserved this Decorum to a Tittle: For who can help being fir'd with the *Pompofity* of this Challenge, which he sets out with in the second Book. It is to be observ'd likewise, that he has carefully (thro' the whole Poem) avoided every thing that might lessen his *Heroes*. And whereas some unadvised People, frequently make use of the mean Appellations of *Vol*, *Jack*, &c. when they speak of the most Illustrious at this Game; he has rejected such Crimes with the utmost Indignation.

Scrib. Max.

Smile at each weak Attempt to shake their Fame;
 And thus with vaunting Pride, their Might proclaim;
 5 Long have we bore the Palm, triumphant still,
 No County fit to match our wond'rous Skill:
 But that all tamely may confess our Sway,
 And own us Masters of the glorious Day;
 Pick the best Sportsmen from each sev'ral Shire,
 10 And let them, if they dare, 'gainst Us appear:
 Soon will we prove the Mightiness we boast,
 And make them feel their Error, to their Cost.

Fame quickly gave the bold Defiance vent,
 And magnify'd th' undaunted Sons of *Kent*.
 15 The boastful Challenge sounded far and near;
 And spreading, reach'd at length Great *N----*'s Ear:
 Where, with his Friend, all negligent he laugh'd,
 And threatned future Glories, as they quaff'd.

Struck

V. 16. *N----'s Ear*.] Among his many penetrating Observations, our Poet has particularly remark'd the great Efficacy of a *Dash*: Therefore, unwilling that his Poem should lose any material Beauty; and equally desirous his Reader should receive all the Satisfaction that is possible, he has clear'd up all the Difficulties, in his Annotations, which that delicate Invention unavoidably creates. *Newland*, of *Slendon* in *Sussex*, Farmer; a famous *Batman*.

[II]

Struck with the daring Phrase, a piercing Look

20 On *B---n* first he cast, and thus he spoke.

And dare the Slaves this paltry Message own !

What then is *N---'s* Arm no better known ?

Have I for this the *Ring's* wide Ramparts broke ?

Whilst *R---y* shudder'd at the mighty Stroke.

25 Now by *Alcmena's* finew'd Son, I swear,

Whose dreadful Blow no mortal Strength can bear !

By *Hermes*, Offspring too of thund'ring *Jove* !

Whose winged Feet like nimble Lightning move !

By ev'ry Patron of the pleasing War,

30 My chief Delight, my Glory and my Care !

This Arm shall cease the far-driv'n Ball to throw,

Shrink from the *Bat* and feebly shun the Blow ;

C 2

The

V. 20. *At B---n first*] *Bryan*, of *London*, Bricklayer.

V. 24. *While R---y*] *Vol Runney*, Gardiner to the Duke of *Dorset*, at *Knowles*, near *Sevenoaks* in *Kent*.

V. 25. *Now by, &c.*] The judicious Choice of *Hercules* and *Mercury*, the Gods of Strength and Swiftneſs, ſo very peculiar to the Game of CRICKET, cannot be enough admired,

The Trophies, from this conq'ring Forehead torn,
 By Boys and Women shall in Scorn be worn;
 35 E'er I neglect to let these Bluff'ers know,
 There live who dare oppose, and beat them too.
 Illustrious B——n! Now's the Time to prove
 To CRICKET's Charms thy much experienc'd Love.
 Let Us with Care, each hardy Friend inspire!
 40 And fill their Souls with emulating Fire!
 Come on.—True Courage never is dismay'd.
 He spoke.—The Hero listen'd, and obey'd.
 Urg'd by their Chiefs, the Friends of CRICKET hear,
 And joyous in the fated Lifts appear.
 45 The Day approach'd. To view the charming Scene,
 Exulting Thousands croud the levell'd Green.

A Place there is, where City-Warriors meet,
 Wisely determin'd, not to fight, but eat.

Where

V. 42. *Listen'd and obey'd.*] *Laconick Bayes!*

V. 47. *A Place there is.*] *Est in secessu Locus.* The Author here, has exactly follow'd the Example of all great Poets, both ancient and modern, who never fail to prepare you with a pompous Description of the Place where any great Action is to be perform'd.

Where harmless Thunder rattles to the Skies,
 50 While the plump *Buff-coat* fires, and shuts his Eyes.
 To the pleas'd Mob the bursting Cannons tell
 At ev'ry circ'ling Glas, how much they swill.
 Here, in the Intervals of bloodless War,
 The Swains with milder Pomp their Arms prepare.
 55 Wide o'er th' extended Plain, the circling String
 Restrains th' impatient Throng, and marks a Ring.
 But if encroaching on forbidden Ground,
 The heedless Croud o'erleaps the proper Bound ;
 S---th plies, with strenuous Arm, the smacking Whip,
 60 Back to the Line th' affrighted Rebels skip.

The

V. 49. *When harmless, &c.*] I must own that this Description of the *Artillery-Ground* has very little Merit, the Particulars are so obvious: It has Truth indeed on its Side; but that is a thing now a-days so slenderly regarded, that, I am afraid it will receive no Weight from it.

V. 59. S---h plies, &c.] Mr. *Smith*, the Master of the Ground, who, to his *immortal Honour*, and *no inconsiderable Advantage*, has made great Improvements; and been perhaps a principal Cause of the high Light in which CRICKET at this Time flourishes. There would have been a fine Opportunity to have introduced in this Place, the Praises of the celebrated *Vinegar*, who so long triumph'd in *Moorfields* without a Rival. But alas! the Nobility and Gentry, have cruelly rob'd this *famous* Spot of its favourite Diversions; by transplanting the Heroes, who lately cut such Figures here, to *ottenham-Court*, and *Broughton's Amphitheatre*, with a malicious Intent to rob the *Commons* of their Amusements, and engross the whole Joy to themselves.

The Stumps are pitch'd. Each Heroe now is seen,
Spirits o'er the Fence, and bounds along the Green.
In decent White, most gracefully array'd,
Each strong-built Limb in all its Pride display'd.

Now *Muse*, exert thy Vigour, and describe
The mighty Chieftains of each glorious Tribe!

65 Bold R---y first, before the *Kentish* Hand
God-like appear'd, and seiz'd the chief Command.
Judicious Swain! Whose quick-discerning Soul
Observes the various Seasons as they roll.

Well-skill'd to spread the thriving Plant around;
70 And paint with fragrant Flow'rs th' enamell'd Ground
Conscious of Worth, with Front erect he moves,
And poises in his Hand the *Bat* he loves.

Him *Dorset's* Prince protects, whose youthful Heir
75 Attends with ardent Glee the mighty Play'r.

He

V. 65. Now *Muse*,] *Pandite nunc Heliconæ Deæ, Cantusque movete.* Vir.
Æn. vii. l. 641.

Let any Man read two or three Pages of *Virgil*, immediately following the
above Quotation, or turn to Mr. *Glover's Leonidas*, the greater Poem of the two,
where he describes the Army of *Xerxes*; and he will easily see what our Poet
had in his Head: And with what surprising Address he has copied the Majesty
of the one, and the — of the other.

N. B. The Reader may supply the above Dash with what Word he pleases.

He, at *Mid-wicket*, disappoints the Foe;
 Springs at the coming Ball, and mocks the Blow.
 Ev'n thus the *Rattle-Snake*, as Trav'lers say,
 80 With stedfast Eye observe it's destin'd Prey;
 'Till fondly gazing on the glitt'ring Balls,
 Into her Mouth th' unhappy Victim falls.
 The baffled Hero quits his Bat with Pain,
 And mutt'ring lags across the shouting Plain.
 Brisk *H---* next strides on with comely Pride,
 Tough as the subject of his Trade, the *Hide*.
 In his firm Palm, the hard-bound Ball he bears,
 And mixes joyous with his pleas'd Compeers.
*Bromlean M---*s attends the *Kentish* Throng;
 90 And *R---*n from his Size, furnam'd the *Long*.
 Six more, as ancient Custom has thought meet,
 With willing Steps, th' intrepid Band compleat.
 On th' adverse Party, tow'ring o'er the rest,
 Left-handed *N---*d fires each arduous Breast.

On

- V. 81. *H---*] *Hodswell*, of *Dartford* in *Kent*, Tanner; celebrated Bowler.
 V. 85. *M---*s] *Mills*, of *Bromley* in *Kent*.
 V. 86. *R---*n] *Robin*, commonly called *Long Robin*.
 V. 87. *Six more*] Mess. *Mills*, Sawyer of *Suffex*, *Cutbush*, *Bartrum*, *Kips*, and *Danes*.

95 From many a bounteous Crop, the foodful Grain
 With swelling Stores rewards his useful Pain :
 While the glad *Farmer*, with delighted Eyes,
 Smiles to behold his close-cram'd Gran'ries rise.
 Next *B---n* came, whose cautious Hand could fix
 100 In neat disposed Array the well-pil'd Bricks :
 With him, *alone*, scarce any Youth wou'd dare
 At single Wicket, try the doubtful War.
 For few, save him, th' exalted Honour claim
 To play with Judgment, all the various Game.
 105 Next, his accomplish'd Vigour, *C---y* tries;
 Whose shelt'ring Hand the neat-form'd Garb supplies.
 To the dread Plain her *D---e Surry* sends,
 And *W---k* on the jovial Train attends.
 Equal in Numbers, bravely they begin
 110 The dire Dispute.—*The Foes of Kent go in.*

THE

- V. 101. *C---y*] *Cuddey*, of *Slenden, Suffex*, Taylor.
 V. 103. *D---e*] *Stephen Dingate*, of *Rygate* in *Surry*.
 V. 104. *W---k*] *Weymark*, the Miller.
 V. 105. *Equal in Numbers.*] The rest on the Side of the Counties were,
Mess. Newland, Newland, Green, Harris, Harris and Smith.

The ARGUMENT

OF THE

THIRD BOOK.

THE Game. Five on the Side of the COUNTIES are out for three Notches. The Odds run high on the Side of KENT. Bryan and Newland go in; they help the Game greatly. Bryan is unfortunately put out by Kips. KENT, the first Innings, is Thirteen a-head. The COUNTIES go in again, and get Fifty-seven a-head. KENT, in the Second Innings is very near losing, the two last Men being in. Weymark unbappily misses a Catch, and by that means KENT is victorious.

D

BOOK

THE III. A C O U N T M E N T

W I T H wary Judgment, scattter'd o'er the Green,
Th' ambitious Chiefs of fruitful *Kent* are seen.

5 Some, at a Distance, for the *Long Ball* wait,

Some, nearer planted, seize it from the *Bat*.

H—l and *M—s* behind the *Wickets* stand,

And each by Turns, the flying *Ball* command:

Four times from *H—l's* Arm it skims the *Grass*;

10 Then *M—s* succeeds. The *Seekers-out* change Place.

Observe, cries *H—l*, to the wondr'ing Throng,

Be Judges now, whose Arms are better strung!

He

V. 5. *H—l* and *M—s*] *Hodswell* and *Mills*, the *Bowlers* on the *Kent*-
ish Side.

V. 10. Be Judges now,] *Aspice, num magis sit nostrum penetrabile telum.*

Virg. *Æn.* x. l. 481.

He said—then pois'd, and rising as he threw,

Swift from his Arm the fatal Miffive flew.

Nor with more Force the Death conveying Ball,

Springs from the Cannon to the batter'd Wall,

15 Nor swifter yet the pointed Arrows go,

Launch'd from the Vigour of the *Parthian* Bow.

It whizz'd along, with unimagi'd Force,

And bore down all, resistless in its Course.

To such impetuous Might compell'd to yield

20 The *Bail*, and mangled *Stumps* bestrew the Field.

Now glows with ardent Heat th' unequal Fray,

While *Kent* usurps the Honours of the Day;

Loud from the *Ring* resounds the piercing Shout,

Three *Notches* only gain'd, five *Leaders* out.

25 But while the drooping *Play'r* invokes the Gods,

The busy *Better* culcates his Odds,

D 2

Swift

V. 11. And rising as he threw.]

Not with more Force,

Corpore toto

Eminus intorquet. Murali concita nunquam

Tormento sic saxa fremunt, nec fulmine tanti

Diffultant Crepitus. Volat Atri Turbinis instar

Exitium dirum Halia ferens.

Swift round the Plain, in buzzing Murmurs run,
I'll hold you Ten to Four, Kent.---Done Sir.---Done.

What Numbers can with equal Force, describe

30 Th' increasing Terrors of the losing Tribe!

When, vainly striving 'gainst the conq'ring Ball,

They see their boasted Chiefs, dejected fall!

Now the two mightiest of the fainting Host

Pant to redeem the Fame their Fellows lost.

35 Eager for Glory:---For the worst prepared;

With pow'rful Skill, their threat'ned *Wickets* guard.

B---n, collected for the deadly Stroke,

First cast to *Heav'n*, a supplicating Look,

Then pray'd. --- *Propitious Powers! Assist my Blow,*

40 And grant the flying Orb may shock the Foe!

This said; he wav'd his *Bat* with forceful Swing,

And drove the batter'd Pellet o'er the Ring.

Then rapid five times cross'd the shining Plain,

E'er the departed Ball return'd again.

Nor

V. 39. *Propitious Powers!*] *Te precor, Alcide, capis ingentibus adsis.*

Virg.

- 45 Nor was thy Prowess valiant N—d, mean,
 Whose strenuous Arm increas'd the Game *eighteen*;
 While from thy Stroke, the Ball retiring hies,
 Uninterrupted Clamours rend the Skies.
 But oh, what horrid Changes oft' are seen,
 50 When faithless Fortune seems the most serene!
 Beware, unhappy B—n! oh beware!
 Too heedless Swain, when such a Foe is near,
 Fir'd with Success, elated with his Luck,
 He glow'd with Rage, regardless how he struck;
 55 But, fore'd the fatal Negligence to mourn,
 K—s crush'd his *Stumps*, before the Youth could turn,
 The rest their unavailing Vigour try,
 And by the Pow'r of *Kent*, demolish'd die.
 Awakened *Eccho* speaks the *Innings* o'er,
 60 And forty *Notches* deep indent the *Score*.
 Now *Kent* prepares her better Skill to shew;
 Loud rings the Ground, at each tremendous Blow.

With

V. 56. K—s] *Kips* is particularly remarkable for *banding* the Ball at the *Wicket*, and knocking up the *Stumps* instantly, if the *Batsman* is not extremely cautious.

With nervous Arm, performing God-like Deeds,
 Another, and another Chief succeeds;
 65 'Till, tired with Fame, the conqu'ring Host give Way;
 And head by *thirteen* Strokes, the toilsome Fray.

Fresh rous'd to Arms, each Labour-loving Swain
 Swells with new Strength, and dares the Field again.
 Again to *Heav'n* aspires the chearful Sound;
 70 The *Strokes* re-eccho o'er the spacious Ground.
 The *Champion* strikes. When, scarce arriving fair,
 The glancing Ball mounts upwards, in the Air?
 The *Batfman* sees it; and with mournful Eyes,
 Fix'd on th'ascending *Pellet* as it flies,
 75 Thus suppliant Claims the Favour of the Skies.
 O mighty *Jove*! and all ye Pow'rs above!
 Let my regarded Pray'r your pity move!
 Grant me but this. Whatever Youth shall dare
 Snatch at the Prize, descending thro' the Air;
 80 Lay him extended on the grassy Plain,
 And make his bold, ambitious Effort vain.

He

He said, The Powers, attending his Request
Granted one Part, to Winds consign'd the rest.

And now Illustrious S—e, where he stood,
85 Th' approaching Ball with cautious Pleasure view'd ;
At once he sees the Chiefs impending Doom,
And pants for mighty Honours, yet to come :
Swift as the *Falcon*, darting on its Prey,
He springs elastick o'er the verdant Way ;
90 Sure of Success, flies upward with a Bound,
Derides the slow Approach and spurns the Ground.

The *Counties* now the Game triumphant lead,
And vaunt their Numbers fifty-seven a *Head*.

V. 82. *The Powers attending*]

*Audit & voti Phœbus succedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.*

V. 84. S—e,] Lord John Sackville, Son to the Duke of *Dorset*. It
is hop'd that tho' this Description may a little exceed the real Fact, it may
be excus'd ; especially as there is a great deal of Foundation for it.

To end th' immortal Honours of the Day

95 The *Chiefs* of *Kent*, once more, their Might essay,

No trifling Toil ev'n yet remains untry'd,

Nor mean the Numbers of the adverse *Side*.

With doubled Skill each dang'rous Ball they thun,

Strike with observing Eye, with Caution run.

100 At length they know the wish'd for Number near,

Yet wildly pant, and almost own they fear.

The two last *Champions* even now are in,

And but three Notches yet remain to win.

When, almost ready to recant it's Boast,

105 Ambitious *Kent* within an Ace had lost;

The mounting Ball, again obliquely driv'n,

Cuts the pure *Æther*, soaring up to Heav'n.

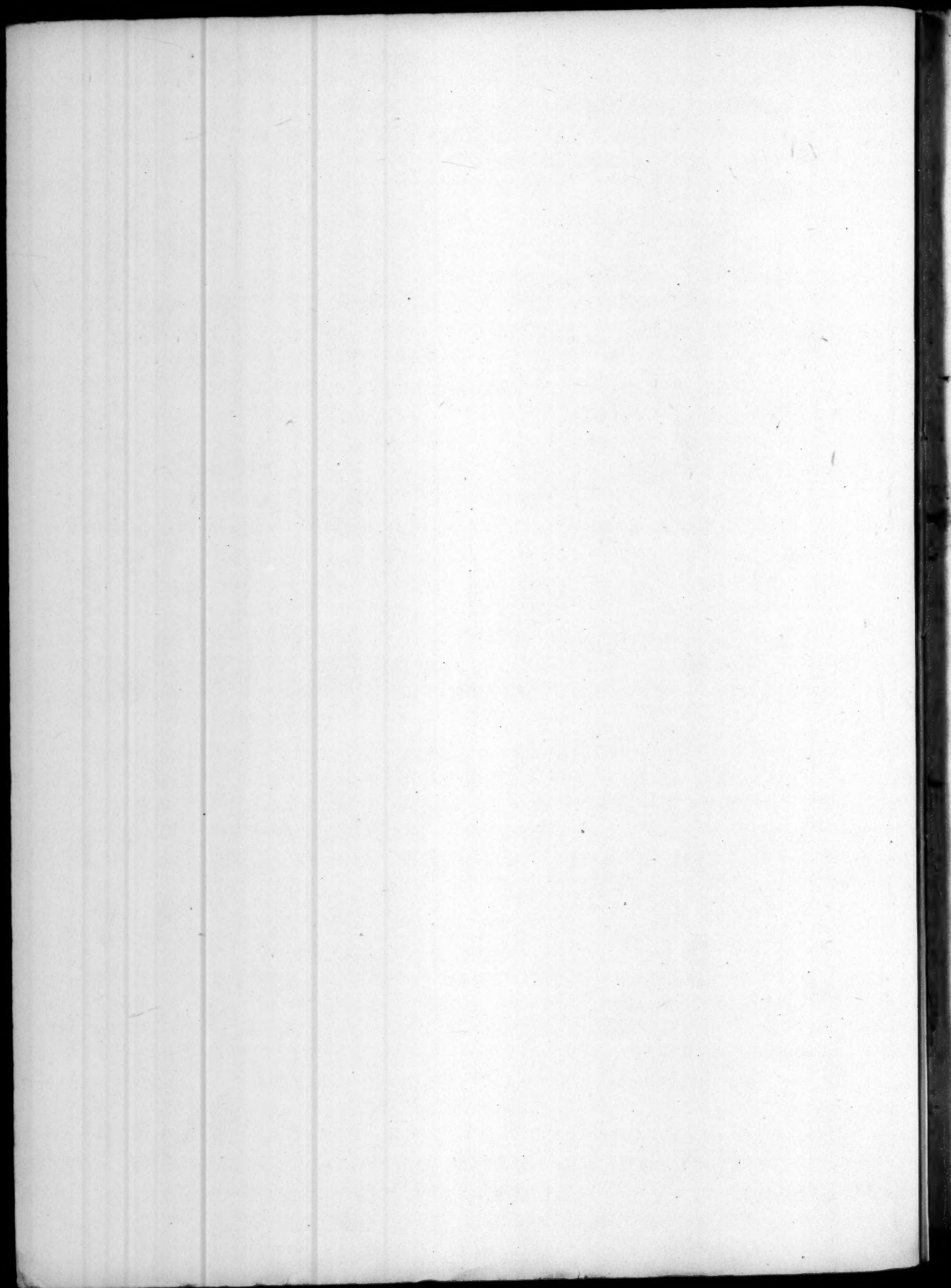
W---k was ready: W---k, all must own,

As sure a Swain to catch as e'er was known;

110 Yet, whether *Jove*, and all-compelling Fate,

In their high Will determin'd *Kent* should beat;

Or



Or the lamented Youth too much rely'd
 On sure Success, and *Fortune* often try'd.
 The erring Ball, amazing to be told !
 11 5 Slip'd thro' his out-stretch'd Hand, and mock'd his Hold.

And now the Sons of *Kent* compleat the Game,
 And firmly fix their everlasting Fame.

F I N I S.

[27]

Of the limited Youth too much rely'd
On the Success, and Fortune often try'd
The evening Ball, amazing to be told!
Ship-borne, without French, Spanish, and mock'd dish'd!

And now the Court of
And finally fix their evening
29 JY 73

F I N I S